Galy Vol

FUGITIVE PIECES.

K..

Defenſor culpæ dicet mihi: fecimus et nos
Hæc Juvenes— JUV.

LONDON:
Printed for C. DILLY, in the POULTRY.
MDCCLXXXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

READER.

THE following Miſcellaneous Pieces, many of which have been before made public at different times, through different channels, and under various ſignatures (the Invocation to Health excepted), were all written at the age of nineteen, without aſſiſtance from friends or from ſcholars: the indulgence, therefore, of the candid is earneſtly hoped for, though unſolicited by vague excuſe, or feigned diffidence. Few books that are not immoral are totally uſeleſs; for the diverſion of oppoſite capacities different materials muſt be had recourſe to; the erudition of one man's mind, the perverſeneſs of another's, and the ſtupidity of a third's, have each their ſeparate demands. Let him, therefore, who judges with rigour remember, that to publications of this kind, the man of genius is indebted for his foil, the illiterate for his amuſement, and even the critic for his bread.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

ROSALIND'S DYING COMPLAINT TO HER SLEEPING CHILD*.

I.

ALAS! my deareſt baby,
I grieve to ſee thee ſmile;
I think upon thy rueful lot,
And cold's my heart the while.

II.

'Gainſt wind and tide of worldly woe,
I cannot make my way;
To lull thee in my boſom warm,
I feel I muſt not ſtay.

* The above ballad was ſuggeſted by a real fact, which took place very lately in an obſcure village. A fine country girl was ſeduced, under a promiſe of marriage, by the man ſhe loved: upon her proving pregnant, he forſook her; in conſequence of which, ſhe ſoon after died of a broken heart; but, what is moſt remarkable, ſhe foretold the day of her deceaſe ſome time before it happened.

III.

My mother will not hear me ſpeak,
My father knits his brow:
Sweet Heavens! were they never young,
That they can treat me ſo?

IV.

Ye ſouls unkind, a fate like mine
O never may ye prove!
Nor live to find how bitter 'tis,
To miſs the man ye love.

V.

My friends they all forſake me,
Nor comfort will afford;
They laugh, while I am thinking
My true-love broke his word.

VI.

May God amend their cruel hearts!
For ſurely they're to blame:
They little know what 'tis to feel
The heavineſs of ſhame.

VII.

The ungentle hand of rude miſchance
Has 'reft my heart of reſt;
And 'frighted hope with chearleſs eye
Lies ſtrangled in my breaſt.

VIII.

'Twas yeſter eve at midnight hour,
I 'waked but to weep;
I kiſs'd my baby's pretty hand,
And watch'd it while aſleep.

IX.

Its cruel far-off Father
My tender thoughts embrac'd,
And in my darling's infant look
His lovely likeneſs trac'd:

X.

With ſmileleſs look a ſpectre form
Advancing ſeem'd t' appear,
And fancy toll'd the Death-bell ſlow
Acroſs my ſtartled ear,

XI.

Full well I knew its loathſome ſound
That ſternly ſeem'd to ſay,
" Go ſpeed thee to the graſs-green turf,"
" For thou muſt die to-day."

VERSES

Written amidſt the Ruins of BROOKHOLM Priory in NORFOLK.

BROOMHOLM, thy vaulted roofs and towers ſublime
Yield to the gradual touch of ſilent Time,
Whoſe ſable ſtole, in thickeſt mantlings ſpread,
Veils the fair proſpect of thy once-fam'd head;
His robe, full quaint with moſs, at random thrown,
Proudly o'erſpreads this manſion for his own.
As from the view at late decline of day
Th' expanded landſcape ſlowly fades away;
Thy beauty thus but dimly now appears,
Thro' the dark backward of five hundred years.
O'er the cold limbs that daily mouldering lie
Beneath the Winter's wind and Summer's ſky,
By the wan moon-beam oft the Bird of Night
Lengthens her feral note, and wings her flight,
The foul bat, rous'd at eve's ill-omen'd hour
Flits from the lonely nook and rugged tower.
What tho' in vain with curious eye we trace
The tarniſh'd pourtrait of the ſacred place;
With eye profane its fading tints explore,
That mark the features of the days of yore,
And fain would eager ſnatch from ruffian Time
The hoary fragment of a monkiſh rhyme:
What tho' no more at early dawn of day,
Eve's lonely hour, or twilight's trembling ray,
* With ken full blithe the mariner eſpies
Thy glittering domes and maſſy towers ariſe,

* With ken full blithe.——This Priory was formerly a ſea mark.

Far

Far from the dizzy maſt he looks in vain,
And longs to view his native ſhore again.
What 'tho' no ſcanty path we here deſcry,
To chear with foot of man the ſick'ning eye,
Rough from the graſp of age, thy walls deride
The ſlighter ſymmetry of modern pride,
Fancy, ſtill fond, preſents the long-drawn aile,
And feels the brooding Genius of the pile;
Her magic ſpell th' emblazon'd arms ſupplies,
And gives the Gothic pane a thouſand dyes,
Rebuilds the tottering tomb of many a knight
With burniſh'd helm and ponderous ſpear bedight:
Still the damp ſhrines a grateful awe inſpire,
Pale burn the lamps, and rapt th' attentive choir,
Still the loud organ's peal I ſeem to hear
That wakes the ſlumb'ring ſoul, and fills the raviſh'd ear.

PROSTITUTED HONOUR:

OR

LOTHARIO, a CHARACTER.

UNMARK'D by cenſure, unreſtrain'd by fear,
Shall low-born Vice its ſhameleſs forehead rear,
From honour's height look down, with ſaucy brow,
On all the grov'ling world that toils below?
At Poverty's lone cot dare wag its tongue,
And ſcorn the dirty dunghill whence it ſprung?
Thanks to the Gods, who gave me to deride
Wealth's ſwelling port and tinſel'd meanneſs' pride,
Silent I cannot view with patient eye
Pageants like theſe that ſtink and flutter by.
In days of yore, with Virtue for her guide,
Juſtice alone preferr'd the worth ſhe tried,
On time's broad records firmly fix'd its name,
And merit only found the road to fame:
Our gallant knights, in good Eliza's reign,
Bade France be dumb, and conquer'd haughty Spain,
Then the briſk ſummons of the vig'rous chace
Strung the firm nerve, and fluſh'd the ruddy face,
Faſhion in vain her Proteus form diſplay'd,
No ſecret offerings at her ſhrine were paid,
She dar'd not then affrighted ſenſe lay waſte,
Or taint the ſacred ſource of public taſte;
Alike Refinement tried her ſoft'ning ſway
To catch the ſturdy manners of the day,
Her efforts vain! Britannia's favour'd iſle
Renounc'd the lurking evil of her ſmile.
Ye ſons of fame, whoſe memories impart
A conſtant tranſport to the feeling heart;

Ye Sidneys, Raleighs, for old England's good,
Who paid the willing tribute of your blood,
Your well-ſpent lives with joy the Muſe ſurveys,
That claim the meed of never-fading praiſe.
On each fam'd deed ſhe caſts an hopeleſs eye,
And views the pleaſing picture with a ſigh;
Britannia's ſons, by ſuch to victory led,
So oft have conquer'd, and ſo oft have bled,
By ſuch ſo oft her navy's ſails unfurl'd,
She bad her thunder ſhake the ſubject world.
Sorrowing the Muſe beholds the throne diſgrac'd
Its luſtre tarniſh'd, and its gifts miſplac'd,
No more with dazzling light the regal ray
Shines unobſcur'd and chears the coming day,
Daub'd with falſe honours whilſt Lothario's mien
Provokes the threat'ning eye of honeſt ſpleen;
Swell'd with baſe pride, exempt from ev'ry grace,
Vice in his heart, and folly in his face,
Studious to keep the naked poor in awe,
And grind their needy ſouls with harpy law,
Methinks I ſee him labouring to be great,
Rais'd on the tott'ring ſtilts of awkward ſtate,
Firſt of the tribe who ſhift with ready art
The ductile feelings of a venal heart;
Sir Knight become, how big dear ſelf appears,
And whilſt the title greets his drinking ears,
He ſhakes his booby head, and wonders what he hears.
Ere lull'd to ſlumber in the nurſe's arms
The ſqualling infant thus a coral charms;
Pleas'd, it attends the diſcord for a while
And hugs the glittering bauble with a ſmile.

A DIRGE

A DIRGE to the Memory of CHATTERTON.

WHEN Spring, with ſcanty veſt and maiden ſmile,
Leads on the youthful months and coming year,
Her tears of morning dew
Shall wet thy death-bed cold.

When jocund Summer, with her honied breath
Sweet'ning the golden grain and blithſome gale,
Diſplays her ſun-burnt face
Beneath the hat of ſtraw;

When ſober Autumn with lack-luſtre eye
Shakes with a bitter blaſt the yellow leaf,
And hears the wood-man's ſong,
And early ſportſman's foot;

The Lily's hanging head, the Panſy pale,
(Poor Fancy's only followers) in meek
Attire, ſhall deck thy turf,
And withering lie with thee.

When naked Winter like a pilgrim grey
Of verieſt rude aſpect and joyleſs brow
Calls for the carol wild,
And trims the ſocial fire;

Remembrance oft in pity's willing ear,
Shall toll at ſilent eve thy penſive knell,
And tell to after-days
Thy tale, thy luckleſs tale.

NEAR

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

The Removal of ſome Seats from the Cathedral Cloſe, NORWICH, by Order of the DEAN.

——— *Eques* metuendus *haſtâ*
Vitam ſub dio, et *trepidis* agat
In rebus ——— HOR.

I.

NEAR yonder walk, ſome friendly hand,
'Gainſt Winter's blaſt, and Summer's heat,
With kindeſt ſkill and art had plann'd,
For Love a ſafe and ſoft retreat.

II.

The powder'd 'prentice, damſel coy,
At riſe and at decline of day,
Here ſnatch'd, conceal'd, their ſtolen joy,
And gave the tender paſſions play.

III.

But not alone for young Deſire
To breathe entranc'd the balmy ſigh,
To fill the melting ſoul with fire,
And bid the light-wing'd moments fly;

IV.

The trembling tongue of tatter'd ſage,
Here oft would tell his merry tale,
Oft here forgot the woes of age,
And bleſt at noon the buxom gale.

V.

But adverſe Fate, with mercileſs hand,
Has laid the bliſsful manſion low,
And, yielding to the Dean's command,
Has aim'd her dreaded doomful blow.

VI.

The well-fed Prebend, Canon ſleek,
As void of conſcience, as of fear,
No more with fat bedimpled cheek
Shall looſe the ready button here.

VII.

The love-lorn Maid no more at eve
With expectation ſhall rejoice,
And bid her anxious heart believe
She hears a Lover's whiſpering voice.

VIII.

Remembrance oft with alter'd eye,
In ſad regret, as wand'ring near,
At rapures paſt ſhall heave a ſigh,
And drop the pittance of a tear.

IX.

Shall Cynthia's beams their luſtre ſhed
O'er Yare's * cold wave and moſſy ſhore,
Or mark the neighbouring cloiſter'd dead,
Or tinge the brow of Mouſehold hoar †.

* The river Yare runs from Norwich to Yarmouth.
† Mouſehold is a conſiderable hill near the city.

X.

X.

But ne'er again with friendly ray
The auſpicious ſtar of Venus prove,
To light her votaries on their way,
And gild the verdant bed of love?

XI.

Forbid it, Venus—may thy care
Still conſtant guard the myſtic ſpot,
And keep a ſtanding vigil there,
The charms of Cyprus quite forgot!

XII.

O let not thus thy honours die,
Nor blunted fall your Cupid's dart;
O raiſe a fragrant myrtle nigh,
To chear an humble ſuppliant's heart.

XIII.

No ſtoic ſoul, no heedleſs eye,
With ſcorn ſhall view its proffer'd ſhade,
Or paſs with ſtep diſdainful by,
Where Beauty's tempting form is laid.

XIV.

May Hope, deferr'd from day to day,
Await th' unfeeling wight that dares,
May Love, that's ſick'ned by delay,
Appal him with its eating cares:

XV.

May ſlow gradations of deſpair
Retard with pain his ſtruggling breath;
Nor Pity lend a willing ear,
To ſpeed the wiſh'd-for hand of Death.

VERSES

Written under a ſtatute of Painting, in the poſſeſſion of ROBERT HANLEY, Eſq.

BLEST art, whoſe magic to the Parent's eye
The fading ſcenes of memory can ſupply,
The Lover oft, by thy bold hand pourtray'd,
Views the ſoft ſemblance of his abſent maid;
Oft checks the tender throb, the ſtruggling ſigh,
And wipes the tear from ſad Affection's eye;
Thro' thee her glance and dimpled cheek beguile,
Return his longing look, and ſeem to ſmile;
Thro' thee he lulls his wayward thoughts to reſt,
And calms the riſing tumult of his breaſt.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF LUCINDA,

Who was ſoon about to be married.

I.

YE Spirits unſeen, that oft range round the grove,
Ye Muſes that erſt tun'd Anacreon's lyre,
And prompted, uncall'd, the ſweet language of Love,
And fill'd his gay verſe with the force of your power.

II.

II.

Tho' for ever ye fly me, attend this bleſt morn,
And breathe but a wiſh for the health of my Maid,
O ſmile on the day that Lucinda was born,
And do not, O do not deny me your aid.

III.

Sad affliction and ſorrow I give to the gale,
They but ſully the joys that enliven the ſoul;
Bring the light voice of muſick, of mirth bring the tale,
And 'wake the briſk Demon that lurks in the bowl.

IV.

May Time in his annual courſe as he flies,
And ripens the beauties that bud in your face,
Touch the bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eyes,
But to ſoften with ſmiles, or to deck them with grace.

V.

See, my Fair, a freſh wreath from young Hymen's hand:
As laſting as verdant, ye powers, may it prove,
Of mutual affection and virtue the band,
Nor Care ever wither the flowrets of Love.

VI.

May remembrance hereafter, with Gratitude's eye,
View a long liſt of years that for ever are paſt;
Nor your heart prompt a murmur, your breaſt heave a ſigh,
At the mandate of Fate when it uſhers the laſt.

To MYRA*,

An EPISTLE,

After receiving a Drawing of hers of a VIOLET and a BEGGAR.

FROM theſe ſad ſcenes, where care and pale diſmay
Darken with deepeſt cloud the chearful day,
Where duty pours in vain its lengthen'd ſigh,
And wipes the ſtagnant tear from Sorrow's eye,
O'er all its hopes views tyrant Fate prevail,
And mourns the ſocial comforts as they fail;
Say, can a novice Muſe, tho' you inſpire,
In artleſs thanks attune her ſadden'd lyre?
Apollo's dupe, no jargon traſh of mine,
Lives in the verſe, or ſparkles in the line;
For me, whoſe eye ſurveys with no delight,
Pieria's ſtream or fam'd Parnaſſus' height,
Let M——n all in tears his ſtory tell
Of widow'd dove or ſorrowing Philomel;
With all the tinſel'd harlotry of art,
Win the weak mind, and touch the taſteleſs heart;
For me, let P——r's hireling pages chime,
With all the cant of nonſenſe and of rhyme;
Unaw'd by pow'r or Fame's attractive ray,
I value more a *violet* than a bay.
Yet Myra ſmiles; ye coming Muſes, hear,
And waft this votive trifle to her ear;
From dull oblivion guard its ſimple lays,
And teach the churliſh critic how to praiſe.

* This alludes to ſome ſcenes of domeſtic affliction, in which the author was then engaged.

For her, what Gothic ſoul could e'er repine,
To' invoke thoſe worſt of all coquets, the Nine.
In Shandy mood, with head on hand reclin'd,
To ev'ry ill of fate and phlegm reſign'd,
With ſurly ſilence, or with feign'd content,
I hear (on diſtant ſcenes my thoughts intent),
The tedious round of chat and compliment.
Perchance, bleak Winter's hour in part to kill,
And keep the drowſy mind from ſtanding ſtill,
Comes a dread ſummons from the fiend Quadrill.
If right my ſtartled ear arreeds the chime,
It ſeems the paſſing knell of murder'd Time *:
With ſad civility the tricks I tell,
And gaze without emotion at a Belle;
Whilſt at my careleſs play and vacant air,
Gamblers look grave, and Tabbys wiſh to ſwear.
Till parent Dullneſs claims her ſeat again,
Settles their features, and aſſumes her reign.
At thoſe lov'd ſhores where Yare, with ceaſeleſs ſweep,
Joins the dark boſom of the fearful deep,
Full many a truant wiſh, and wayward look,
Has Abſence caſt, and muſing Fancy took;
Where Friendſhip vacant finds an elbow chair,
Looks round with joy, and longs to linger there;
Where frank Good-humour every care beguiles,
With all the buxom family of ſmiles.
Charm'd with the thought, I picture Juliet near †,
Her ſprightly glance I feel, her voice I hear;
Attentive ſit, and meet with tacit ſigh
The ſofter caſt of penſive Myra's eye;
Dwell long enamour'd on each blooming grace,
That lends its latent influence to the face.

* A parody upon ſome lines in Young's Night Thoughts.
† Juliet—the ſiſter of the Lady to whom theſe verſes were addreſſed.

With flutt'ring breaſt, I view her niceſt ſkill,
Teach the keen darts of Venus how to kill;
And touch with buſy hand each lighter dreſs,
That guards the dimpled cheek and ſilken treſs;
The filmy gauze, the ribband's dazzling dye,
(A myſtic ſpell to catch the ruſtic eye;)
The waving faſh, the feather's nodding plume,
With all the powers of cambric and perfume;
Thro' ſuch, let meaner beauties of the day,
Spread wide o'er vanquiſh'd hearts the female ſway;
At ev'ry look and random glance lay low
A dangling coxcomb, or a flimſy beau.
To ſouls like mine, no influence they impart,
Who bribe the eye to captivate the heart.
Slaves to the laws of Taſte, let ſome admire
Paulo's bold ſtroke, or vivid Titian's fire;
With critic eye and juſt preciſion trace,
Pouſſin's learn'd air, or ſoft Corregio's grace.
Rapt in amaze, let others trembling ſtand,
And feel the dark ſublime of Roſa's hand;
Be mine the taſk, their varied ſtyles to view,
And mark their blended beauties met in You.
When the lone wretch, by age and ſickneſs led,
'Bides the chill ſtorm, and begs for bitter bread:
Taught by thy hand, my willing heart ſhall flow,
And drop a ſilent tear for helpleſs woe,
With readier aid, ſhall chaſe thoſe griefs away,
That cloud the ſunleſs ev'ning of his day,
At Pity's call, ſhall give his wand'rings reſt,
And glad with chearful hope his tortur'd breaſt.
Oft ſhall affection, fondly fix'd on you
(The lovely ſource from whence its mercy grew),
Viewing thy Beggar form, with pleaſure boaſt,
That ſhe who excites it beſt, muſt feel it moſt.

THE LAMENTATION OF LLWARCH-HEN THE BARD,

Upon the Death of GWLAITH, a WELCH Chief.

Suppoſed to be tranſlated from the Welch.

—— Give me ſome muſic; ——
Now good Ceſario, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong we heard laſt night;
Methought it did relieve my paſſion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-pated times.—

SHAKSP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

"Son of Beli Mawr, alas! the beams of thy glory are ſet; thy wide-extended hall ſhall no longer give ſhelter to heroes that quaff the ſparkling meed who gladdened at thy preſence. A ſilence that is only introduced by death, there ſpreads her contagion. To us the days of ſorrow are at hand; thy cup-bearer treads no longer with alacrity; the trembling ſtrings of the harp forget to vibrate: no longer the note of victory at the waving of the hand of thy Bard, awakens the ſoul from her manſion with enchantment.—The foot of Time, which we hear not, has trodden upon thy ſhield, red and moiſt with blood; already has his hand defiled with ruſt thy corſlet, over thy war-worn helm the Spider begins to ſcatter the thin web of Oblivion. Let this be thy ſolace; the journeying ſtranger

ſhall not paſs by the ſpot of thy reſt without recollecting (as the hollow blaſt moves the herb that trembles at its comfortleſs breath) the force of thy arm, and the heart-ſhaking thunder of thy footſteps. The tale that Fame has told of thee, ſhall lead him far from his path, and delay him at thy grave. The blue-ey'd damſel of his bed, at each returning day, ſhall view the ſun with averſion, and caſt a look over the hills for his return.—The Eagle of battle (to which thou wert like), mangling her prey on thy grave, ſhall oft mark with her princely foot where thou lieſt, thou that wert her feeder, and ſhall flap her firm-ſet wings as ſhe hears the neighbouring torrent ruſhing near thy corſe.—Oft at eve does thy Father ſay, "My Son, my Son;" and bids thy younger Brother hearken as he tells of thee; thy brother's blood, like that of the lion's whelp, kindles for the conteſt, and longs to ſucceed thee.—As wandering to pay thee my tribute of grief, I diſtinguiſh the ſlow and tremulous accents of thy Sire (for he yet lives), the fall of Orwan by the proweſs of thy ſpear, the enſanguin'd waters of Tarwath (from memory), oft ſeem to ſparkle in his deep-ſunk eye; my heart is weigh'd down at the painful pleaſure of his ſigh, and the deepen'd luxury of his mourning.—Thy white ſteed that of old ſnuff'd the breeze in the vale, I meet lonely ſtraying near thy grave, cropping the long tall graſs that quivers over thee.—Where is now the noiſe of his hoofs, his flowing mane, the joy of the field, and the lightning of his eye at the downfall of enemies? Many are they whom Fate has overtaken, whom memory ſhall never recall, whom no future Bard ſhall awaken from ſilence, when the Hirlas horn ſhall open the hearts of poſterity, and of the yet unborn; the evening and the morning ſun ſhall gild their

graves

graves with its rays, and the Winter's wind ſhall rudely ſalute their waſting limbs as it paſſes in its courſe to ſhake the turrets of Aberffraw, and agitate the ſullen waters of ——— but thy name ſhall not be forgotten. Thee Danger oft has met in the tented field, and fled diſmayed; Snowdon and our mother Mona have reſounded the claſh of thy deeds; the cottager on their heavy-hanging brows at midnight has ſtarted at the ſound by the ſinking blue-taper,—whilſt his trembling conſort lull'd her affrighted babes to their broken ſlumber.—Still viſible are the prints of thy ſteeds upon Deudraeth; the hours of life are paſt, and Death only has been thy conqueror.—"

LLWEN AND GYNETH.

O fellow, come, the ſong we had laſt night,
Mark it Ceſario, it is old and plain,
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it.—— TWELFTH NIGHT.

LLWEN.

"O My troubled ſoul, I ſee nought ſave the hollow-beating wave, the cold luminary of the night ſhows me the gloomy turrets of Llathryth—thro' the broken wall it may touch the cheek of my Love, as he thinks and dreams of me! Moon, how I envy thy beams! Gyneth, thou Youth of the ſpear, breaker of the crimſon ſhield, Llwen has left her couch of leaves, and wanders to find thee; the blaſt blows cold from the mountain, the Hunter's dog is at reſt—thou art not gone to thy grave! for who can look in thy face with the thoughts of death in his heart? Yet fierce is the black-brow'd Branworth, fate is in the glare of his eye; but I am a woman, and thou art my Love.—Branworth, ſweeping ſtorm of the ſouth, Llwen entreats for the joy of her heart; the ſnow-bearded Bard of her father ſhall reſound thy name in his hall with ſtately ſteps; the horn in the palace of thine enemy ſhall be filled to the brim, and Llwen ſhall not forget thy mercy.————What do I ſee? Gyneth lives in my ſight, come down from thy priſon of Death, haſte from thy grated window, the Sun will ſoon ariſe, the quick-ſcented Foe will be near; but, alas, thou art not the ſame, I am chill'd as I look at thy face. Speak; where is thy blooming

blooming cheek and thy raven-black eye? My heart keeps not its ſeat as I gaze.

GYNETH.

"Thou doſt not ſee me alive; away, I am as cold as the dead man's hand, the eagle has eat my bones.—I am but thy Gyneth's ghoſt,—let Rodric and Owain, my brothers, revenge me; let to-morrow's ſun gleam on their ſhields;—away and collect my remaining bones, where the faint traveller ſtops at the ſtream of Teiri, let a few ſtones upon the green turf mark where I lie;—we ſoon ſhall meet, graceful daughter of Yrganvy.—Till the Hunter has ſeen my grave, and the ſhepherd's boy has bruſhed the thiſtle from my reſting-place, wretched am I and forlorn, frightful is my dwelling, it cannot be named.

LLWEN.

Lion of the field, art thou fall'n? Rodric and Owain are not; old is my Father, he heareth not the gladning ſound of the harp or the ſpear; Llwen, his daughter, and Gyneth he cannot remember; he is even at the door of Death.—Many have periſh'd before me, and have not returned; ſurely they are happy, why then ſhould I weep? Sorrow beats hard at my heart. I obey thee, my Love, and haſte to collect thy bones; I will not look back upon Arfoel*; the turf of thy tomb I will build up where the Summer-laſting flower lifts its head; oft ſhall I view it in the morn when the Sun looks bright in the Eaſt, and in the even, when it loſes its glory in the Weſtern main; when I am gone, it will flouriſh.—Paſſenger, with rude hand pluck it

* Arfoel was probably the name of her Father's palace, to which ſhe never meant to return.

not

not up; but a little while it tarrieth, the day of its withering cometh on, it will join the duſt of the daughter of Yrganvy,

---

NOTE.

The rage of literary impoſition introduced by the publication of Oſſian and Rowley, was the inducement which led the author to attempt the preceding ſpecimens of Welſh poetry; deceptions of this kind, even in the opinion of the moſt uncandid, if they fall under any imputation, it muſt be that of being "delicta potius quam peccata;" as through their means no character can eaſily be injured, no favourite opinion can be indirectly inculcated, and from their conciſeneſs, little of the critic's time can be expended in laviſh'd diligence or fruitleſs inquiry. The author, therefore, with the ſpirit of a man who meant no harm, does not ſcruple to confeſs his former intention of deceiving.—The lamentation of Llwarch-hen firſt appeared in the Town and Country Magazine for March, 1783, in a letter ſigned OXONIENSIS. The author, flattered by hearing its originality talked of in the ſame Magazine for June, publiſhed what he calls a tranſlation from Taliefin, to which he ſubſcribed the name of John Williams, and in the preliminary fictitious account, that likewiſe of Arthur Price, Eſq. together with a correction of Mr. Evans relative to a date. This laſt circumſtance, with the forgery of both the abovementioned names, was merely uſed to caſt an air of veracity upon the ſtory and compoſition; not to omit a letter likewiſe to Oxonienſis, ſigned Inquiſitor. Some ſhort time after the publication of Llwen and Gyneth, the author was not a little ſurpriſed at its

laughable effects, for upon perusing Mr. Evans's Ballads, vol. III, page 143, he found the story, with some slight alterations, elegantly turned into verse by Mrs. Robinson. To this ingenious lady many thanks from the author are due, as he considers himself indebted to her truly spirited paraphrase for the few readers who may be induced to throw away their five minutes upon his production. The only circumstance he has to regret, is, that the valuable pen of this lady should have been employed upon a subject far beneath her attention, and that she was deceived in concluding that to be original, which is here publickly confessed to be spurious.

SEC-

SECTION I.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Levia quidem hæc, et parvi forte, ſi per ſe ſpectentur, momenti; ſed ex elementis conſtant, et principiis oriuntur omnia: et ex judicii conſuetudine in *rebus minutis* adhibitâ pendet ſæpiſſime etiam in *maximis* vera atque accurata ſcientia.

Dr. CLARKE's Preface to the ILIAD.

AMIDST the various ſubjects of utility which incur the cenſure of the pert, the ignorant, and the petulant, I recollect no one more univerſally condemned than *verbal criticiſm*; by them it is conſidered as the loweſt ſpecies of pedantry that learning affects; to dedicate a page to the meaning of a ſingle word, and quote authority after authority in its defence, is a ſubject which the man of wit rejoices to harraſs with invective, and hold out to deriſion by his ridicule: for the attainment of this end, even Pope was induced to throw the feeble dart of his malevolence at Bentley, from the adamant of whoſe victorious buckler it recoiled without effect; for the ſame purpoſe, and againſt the ſame man, Mallet contributed the aſſiſtance of his weak arm, like a dwarf aiding a giant in aſſaulting Jupiter. That the ſpirit of *verbal criticiſm* and emendation, even when connected with genius, have been ſometimes productive of abſurdity; the abovementioned ſcholar in his edition of Milton, and Warburton in his Shakeſpear, but too plainly prove. Theſe, in ſome meaſure, are unfortunate inſtances. That ſkill which in

ſo

ſo ſingular a manner diſtinguiſhes them when examining the learned languages ſeems to forſake them when peruſing their own. Thoſe who have ſeldom ſenſe to feel argument, but who have generally impudence to encourage laughter, would do well to conſider, that the exertions of a vigorous mind are ſeldom totally obſcured: amidſt the frivolous minuteneſs of trifles, the rage of reſearch, and the daſh of emendation, there will ever adhere to them certain characteriſtics that are peculiar to genius, and that in ſuch a caſe, where much is vaguely ſaid, ſomething muſt ultimately be effected. Let the ſcoffers at this ſpecies of ſcience for a moment diveſt Spenſer of the notes of Upton, Warton, and Jortin; remove thoſe united monuments of labour and ingenuity from Shakſpeare, in the edition of Johnſon and Steevens, and peruſe the text only; if they then fully underſtand them; if the ſenſe or beauty of no one paſſage is loſt by the omiſſion of them; the trappings of criticiſm, no doubt, are unneceſſary, and diligence has plodded but in vain. This, however, would be the daring aſſertion of ſelf-ſufficiency, to which every day's experience gives the lye. A candid reader cannot but acknowledge the obligations he lies under to thoſe eminent men, whoſe reſearches tend to exalt the fancy of a Spenſer, the univerſal powers of Shakſpeare, and the ſplendid and weighty magnificence of Milton. On the other hand, I am as far from wiſhing to encumber the text of an author with the uſeleſs appendages of notes, where it is plain and determinate, as from omitting them where dark and obſcure. In the following ſcattered remarks, therefore, which have little affinity to each other, if I may have contributed in any degree towards ſetting a paſſage in a new light, in elucidating what before ſeemed

SECTION I.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Levia quidem hæc, et parvi forte, ſi per ſe ſpectentur, momenti; ſed ex elementis conſtant, et principiis oriuntur omnia: et ex judicii conſuetudine in *rebus minutis* adhibitâ pendet ſæpiſſime etiam in *maximis* vera atque accurata ſcientia.

Dr. CLARKE's Preface to the ILIAD.

AMIDST the various ſubjects of utility which incur the cenſure of the pert, the ignorant, and the petulant, I recollect no one more univerſally condemned than *verbal criticiſm*; by them it is conſidered as the loweſt ſpecies of pedantry that learning affects; to dedicate a page to the meaning of a ſingle word, and quote authority after authority in its defence, is a ſubject which the man of wit rejoices to harraſs with invective, and hold out to deriſion by his ridicule: for the attainment of this end, even Pope was induced to throw the feeble dart of his malevolence at Bentley, from the adamant of whoſe victorious buckler it recoiled without effect; for the ſame purpoſe, and againſt the ſame man, Mallet contributed the aſſiſtance of his weak arm, like a dwarf aiding a giant in aſſaulting Jupiter. That the ſpirit of *verbal criticiſm* and emendation, even when connected with genius, have been ſometimes productive of abſurdity; the abovementioned ſcholar in his edition of Milton, and Warburton in his Shakeſpear, but too plainly prove. Theſe, in ſome meaſure, are unfortunate inſtances. That ſkill which in

ſo

ſo ſingular a manner diſtinguiſhes them when examining the learned languages ſeems to forſake them when peruſing their own. Thoſe who have ſeldom ſenſe to feel argument, but who have generally impudence to encourage laughter, would do well to conſider, that the exertions of a vigorous mind are ſeldom totally obſcured: amidſt the frivolous minuteneſs of trifles, the rage of reſearch, and the daſh of emendation, there will ever adhere to them certain characteriſtics that are peculiar to genius, and that in ſuch a caſe, where much is vaguely ſaid, ſomething muſt ultimately be effected. Let the ſcoffers at this ſpecies of ſcience for a moment diveſt Spenſer of the notes of Upton, Warton, and Jortin; remove thoſe united monuments of labour and ingenuity from Shakſpeare, in the edition of Johnſon and Steevens, and peruſe the text only; if they then fully underſtand them; if the ſenſe or beauty of no one paſſage is loſt by the omiſſion of them; the trappings of criticiſm, no doubt, are unneceſſary, and diligence has plodded but in vain. This, however, would be the daring aſſertion of ſelf-ſufficiency, to which every day's experience gives the lye. A candid reader cannot but acknowledge the obligations he lies under to thoſe eminent men, whoſe reſearches tend to exalt the fancy of a Spenſer, the univerſal powers of Shakſpeare, and the ſplendid and weighty magnificence of Milton. On the other hand, I am as far from wiſhing to encumber the text of an author with the uſeleſs appendages of notes, where it is plain and determinate, as from omitting them where dark and obſcure. In the following ſcattered remarks, therefore, which have little affinity to each other, if I may have contributed in any degree towards ſetting a paſſage in a new light, in elucidating what before ſeemed

ambiguous, or in having drawn the line of diſcrimination between imitation and originality, I ſhall content myſelf with that ſhare of praiſe which reſults from bearing part of a character, thought by ſome to conſtitute the hewer of wood and the drawer of water in the ranks of Literature. As the mode I have adopted is very irregular, and the obſervations miſcellaneous, I ſhall venture to communicate them in the form they firſt preſented themſelves, without digeſting them into order, method, or connection.

NOTE.

Cicero, in his work de Claris Oratoribus, has theſe words concerning Hortenſius: "Et erat oratio cum in-" citata et *vibrans* tum etiam accurata et polita." Of this paſſage, I once heard it obſerved, by a man whoſe powers of intellect can only be equalled by the goodneſs of his heart, that he knew no word in the Engliſh language which fully expreſſed the meaning of *vibrans*, except *flaſhy*, which would not do from its being always uſed in a bad ſenſe; it means ſplendid and dazzling, like a light from a ſword, alternately brandiſhed this way and that way; yet I think (though at the time the paſſage did not occur to me), Dr. Johnſon has, in his life of Congreve, fallen upon a happy illuſtration of it, and probably without intending the leaſt alluſion. Speaking of Congreve's Dialogue, his words are theſe: "His perſonages are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every ſentence is to ward or ſtrike; the conteſt of ſmartneſs is never intermitted; *his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate corruſcations.*" Vol. III. page 63.

The

The Hendecaſyllables of Dr. Markham upon the death of the Prince of Wales, are, perhaps, the happieſt and moſt perfect production in the ſtyle of Catullus we have; yet let me not ſeem to delight in cavil, when I wiſh to rectify an improper piece of tautology in the following lines.

"Tu dormis, volitantque qui ſolebant
Riſus in roſeis tuis labellis,
Dum ſomno facili jaces ſolutus."

Where can be the occaſion for this laſt line? it is very beautiful, but unneceſſary, as ſhe had mentioned the "Tu dormis" before in the preceding lines.—Every lover of poetry who peruſes theſe verſes ſhould compare them with the ὅτε λάρναξι of Simonides, and Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament, vol. II. p. 196. of Percy's Reliques, as the ſame ſtroke of the pathetic, and the ſame genuine ſpirit of taſte, pervades them all.—Markham's elegant compoſition ſeems to have ſuggeſted thoſe claſſical verſes (quoted by Dr. Warton, in his 2d volume on Pope) upon the death of Marcus; and it perhaps may give the reader ſome ſatisfaction, when I inform him they are the production of his ingenious brother, Mr. T. Warton, fellow of Trinity College, Oxon. It is with the higheſt opinion of their taſte in Polite Literature, that I mention them both; and therefore ſhall take this opportunity of pointing out ſome images which the former, in his "Ode to Fancy," ſeems to have, in ſome degree, borrowed. He addreſſes her thus:

"O! Nymph, with looſely-flowing hair,
With buſkin'd leg and boſom bare,
Thy waiſt with myrtle girdle bound,
Thy brows *with Indian feathers* crown'd."

See Spenſer, Canto 12, B. 3, where Britomarte redeems Amoret, and ſees Fancy in the inchanted chamber:

"His garment neither was of ſilke nor ſay,
But *paynted plumes* in goodly order dight,
Like as the ſun-burnt *Indians* do affray
Their tawny bodies in their proudeſt plight, &c. &c."

In another part of the Ode, where the Beggar is deſcribed as taking ſhelter under the mouldering towers of an abbey, I am inclined to ſuſpect, that the idea was firſt ſuggeſted to Dr. Warton by the deſcription of Jealouſy in Spenſer, F. Queen, Canto 11. B. 3; and which he himſelf quotes, vol. II. p. 98. "Eſſay on Pope," to *ſhew the richneſs of Spencer's Fancy.*

Into that cave he creepes, and thenceforth there
Reſolv'd to build his baleful manſion
In dreary darkneſs, and continual fears
Of that rock's fall; which, ever and anon,
Threats with huge ruin him to fall upon.
That he dare never ſleep, but that one eye
Still ope he keeps for that occaſion,
Never reſts he in tranquillity.

Dr. Warton's lines are the following; and, were I called upon to ſelect the moſt beautiful circumſtance from all the poets, both ancient and modern, within my knowledge, I ſhould, without heſitation, fix upon this:

Or to ſome Abbey's mould'ring towers,
Where, to avoid cold Winter's ſhowers,
The naked beggar ſhivering lies,
While whiſtling tempeſts round him riſe,
And trembles leſt the tottering wall
Should on her ſleeping infants fall.

In vain the gloſſy *ocean ſmil'd* to tempt
The jolly Sailor. WARTON's Enthuſiaſt of Nature.

The

The reflections that muſt have ariſen in conſequence of ſuch an object as a tranquil ſea, in the midſt of men in their rude and barbarous ſtate, before art had introduced navigation, form a ſubject ſo curious and ſtriking, that, upon the idea's being ſuggeſted, we dwell upon it with pleaſure, and quit it with regret. We find the thought of the *Sea's ſmiling* both in Æſchylus and Lucretius:

——— ποντιων τε κυμαϑων
Αμηχϑμων γελασμα. Prom. Vinct. 90.

See Lucretius's fine addreſs to Venus, where the circumſtance of the *waves ſmiling* is charmingly imagined, and with the greateſt propriety, when we conſider the mythological tale which ſuppoſes Venus to be ſprung from the ſea.

——— tibi *rident æquora ponti*
Placatumque nitet diffuſo lumine cælum.—Lib. 1. line 5.

And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine:
A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold. POPE.

"The circumſtance in the laſt line is *puerile* and little."
WARTON on POPE, vol. II. p. 268.

Surely this obſervation can hardly be juſt: the circumſtance, inſtead of being *puerile* and *little*, ſeems rather rich and poetical; it likewiſe ſomewhat contradicts his commendation of a paſſage, quoted vol. I. p. 25. of a ſimilar nature, and which is there ſaid to be *finely imagined*:

The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on their banks Auguſta roſe in gold.

If in this latter paſſage the ſtreams for rolling in waves of ſilver, and Auguſta's riſing in gold, are worthy of praiſe; the little eagles in the former paſſage, for waving their wings in gold, can ſcarce incur cenſure; but, if that were the caſe, the following fine paſſage in the 8th book of Virgil, line 671 (which Mr. Warton ſhould have quoted), would be liable to the ſame objection:

"Hæc inter tumidi latè *maris* ibat imago,
Aurea, ſed fluctu ſpumabant cœrula cano;
Et circum *argento* clari delphines in orbem,
Æquora verrebant caudis æſtumque ſecabant,
In medio claſſes æratas Actia bella
Cernere erat: totumque inſtructo marte videres
Fervere Leucaten, *auroque effulgere fluctus*."

Sir Thomas Brown, in his Enquiries into Vulgar Errors, chap. 16, b. 7, after confuting the opinion of Tamerlane's having been a ſhepherd, has theſe words: "And therefore this miſtake concerning the noble Tamerlane was like that concerning Demoſthenes, who is ſaid to be the ſon of a Blackſmith, according to common conceit, and that handſome expreſſion of Juvenal:

Quem pater ardentis maſſæ fuligine lippus,
A carbone et forcipibus, gladioſque parante
Incude, et luteo vulcano ad rhetora miſit.

But Plutarch, who wrote his life, hath cleared this conceit, plainly affirming he was moſt nobly deſcended, and that this report was raiſed becauſe his father had many ſlaves that wrought ſmith's work, and brought the profit unto him." Still the imputation remains in great meaſure the ſame, and Sir T. Brown's defence will avail but little in removing it, unleſs we examine the teſtimony of Plutarch with more minuteneſs. Now there appears among

among the ancients to have exiſted a wide and eſſential difference between the fabricator of arms, military inſtruments, &c. and the Blackſmith who formed the neceſſary and various implements for common uſe. Had he been one of this lower rank, Plutarch would have mentioned him by ſome other term, inſtead of which he calls him κατ' ἐξοχην "Μαχαιροποιος," Gladiorum fabricator, exactly correſponding with Juvenal's expreſſion:

——— gladioſque parante
In cude.———

Virgil ſeems, by *way of eminence*, to have inſerted the name of the artificer of the belt belonging to the unfortunate Pallas:

Quæ *bonus Eurytion* multo cælaverat auro. L. x. 499.

And of the ſword which Iulus gave to Euryalus. L. ix. 333.

—— humero ſimul exuit enſem,
Auratum, mirâ quem fecerat arte *Lycaon*,
Gnoſſius, atque habilem vaginâ aptarat eburnâ.

It is but fair, therefore, to argue from theſe paſſages, that, had the making mention of ſuch a ſubject as this contained in it any thing low or ignominious, Virgil's judgement would have rejected it; the retaining of it, on the other hand, plainly proves the character by no means *deſtitute of dignity*. The curious, perhaps, may not think it uſeleſs to obſerve, that the ingenious Mr. T. Warton, in his Diſſertations prefixed to the "Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry," has the following remark: "The names of Sword-ſmiths were thought worthy to be recorded in hiſtory." Hoveden ſays, that when Geoffry of Plantagenet was knighted, they brought him a ſword from the royal treaſure, where it had lain up from old Time, being the workmanſhip of *Galan, the moſt excellent of Sword-ſmiths*.

—— all

—— all things ſmiled,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
PAR. LOST.

Theſe lines ſtand thus pointed in Milton's own and moſt other editions; others have it,

—— All things ſmiled
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

Which ſeems the beſt and true reading, notwithſtanding Richardſon's note, which is plauſible and ingenious; but by removing the ſtop from after *ſmiled*, and placing it after *fragrance*, the paſſage becomes right, and will be found to be an imitation of an expreſſion in Catullus de Nup. Pel. et Thet. 284.

Nam quotcunque ferunt campi, quos Theſſala magnis,
Montibus ora creat, quos propter fluminis undas,
Aura parit flores tepidi fœcunda pavoni
Hos indiſtinctis plexos tulit ipſe corollis,
Queis permulſa domus *jucundo riſit odore.*

Perhaps this paſſage may, in ſome degree, account for Gray's expreſſion of "*Gales redolent of Joy*," which Johnſon objects to.

In Popham's collection of poems is the following epigram:

Quantillum diſtant humiles grandeſque poetæ;
Hic ſcribit famâ ductus, at ille fame.

The pun is a good one, but borowed from Thuanus: "In Germaniâ et eodem anno obiit Gual. Xylander Auguſtanus, utriuſque linguæ apprimè peritus, et omnis antiquitatis ac literaturæ cum paucis hujus ævi comparandus; ad hæc philoſophicis et mathematicis ſtudiis clarus;

clarus; dum vixit cum ſummâ egeſtate luctatus atque ob id *fami* non famæ ſcribere exiſtimatus." See Thuanus, vol. III. 461.

Lord Cheſterfield, in ſome eaſy verſes addreſſed to a lady, has this falſe, though pretty thought:

" The dews of the Evening induſtriouſly ſhun,
They're the *tears of the ſky* for the loſs of the Sun."

This blunder ſeems to have originated from two cauſes; in the firſt place from his lordſhip's ignorance of the nature of dews, which are exhalations from the earth, and aſcend; and in the ſecond, from his having, probably by accident, ſeen an ode of Renat Rapin, who calls the graſshopper

" *Cæli caducis* ebria *ſtitibus.*

The claſſical and learned part of lord Cheſterfield's character, when brought to the teſt, ſtands but upon a ſimilar foundation with his morality; and the cenſure he has ventured to brand the Greek epigrams with will ever ſummon up the indignation of every ſcholar; he certainly either was unable to conſtrue them, or, if he could, had not ſufficient taſte to enjoy them. He was a man of the world, elegant, ſuperficial, and debauched; his learning had little ſolidity, and his morals leſs principle.

The following letter, which is extracted from a ſcarce volume of Peter du Moulin's poems, has eſcaped the notice of the ſeveral Biographers of Milton; and as it clears up, and throws ſome light upon the conteſt between him and Peter du Moulin, the author hopes it will not prove unacceptable: It is ſubjoined to ſome verſes which he intitles " In impuriſſimum Nebulonem Johannem Miltonum,

parricidarum, et Parricidii advocatum.— In quod periculum me conjecerit prima hujus carminis cum *clamore regii ſanguinis* editio, publicâ notitiâ dignum haud exiſtimarem, niſi divini præſidii miraculum quo ſervatus ſum incolumis, communi bonorum admiratione et ſummi liberatoris laude digniſſimum eſſet. Schedas meas ad magnum *Salmaſium* miſeram qui eas eruditiſſimi viri *Alexandri Mori* curæ commendavit; Morus Typographo tradidit, eiſque Epiſtolam ad Regem ſub Typographi nomine præfixit, oppido eloquentiſſimam et bonæ frugis pleniſſimam, iſtud *Mori* circa operas Typographicas ſtudium, cum *Miltono* per Regicidarum in *Hollandia* coryceos innotuiſſet, pro comperto habuit *Miltonus Clamoris* authorem eſſe *Morum:* unde ille *Miltoni* (ſub titulo *Defenſionis ſecundæ pro populo Anglicano*) virulentiſſimus in *Morum* libellus, cui inſuper inimicos in *Hollandia* creavit; erant enim tunc temporis Anglicani Tyranni extra ſua pomœria maximè formidati: ſpectabam interea tacitus, nec ſine lento riſu, fœtum meum ad alienas fores expoſitum; et cœcum atque furioſum *Miltonum* Andabatarum more pugnatum et διχομαχόμενον, a quo ferirетur et quem contra feriret ignarum. At *Morus*, tantæ invidiæ impar, in Regia cauſa frigere cœpit, et *Clamoris* authorum *Miltono* indicavit. Enimvero in ſua ad *Miltoni* maledicta reſponſione, duos adhibuit teſtes, præcipue apud perduelles fidei, qui authorem probi nôſſent et rogati poſſent revelare, unde ſanè mihi et capiti meo certiſſimum impendebat exitium. At magnus ille Juſtitiæ vindex, cui et hanc operam et hoc caput libens devoveram, per *Miltoni* ſuperbiam ſalutem meam aſſeruit; ut ejus ſapientiæ ſolemne eſt ex malis bona, ex tenebris lucem elicere. *Miltonus* enim qui plenis caninæ eloquentiæ velis in *Morum* invectus fuerat, qui-

que id fermè unicum *Defenſionis ſecundæ* ſuæ fecerat argumentum, ut *Mori* vitam atque famam laceraret: adduci nunquam potuit ut ſe tam craſsè hallucinatum eſſe fateretur, ſcilicet metuens ne cœcitati ejus populus illuderet, eumque compararent Grammaticorum pueri Catulo illi cæco apud *Juvenalem* qui piſcem *Domitiano* donatum laudaturus,

——Plurim dixit
In lævum converſus; at illa dextra jacebat
Bellua———.

"Perſeverante igitur *Miltono* totum illud periculoſi in Regem amoris crimen *Moro* impingere, non poterant cæteri perduelles ſine magna boni patroni ſui inſuria alium a *Moro* tanti criminis reum peragere. Cumque *Miltonus* me ſalvum eſſe mallet quam ſe ridiculum, hoc operæ meæ præmium tuli, ut *Miltonum* quem inclementius acceperam haberam patronum, et capitis mei ſedulum ὑπερασπιστὴν, parce riſu, Lector; et Deo Liberatori Optimo, Maximo, et Sapientiſſimo, ſummas mecum gratias age."——To the curious in Latin poetry I would moſt earneſtly recommend the deſerted productions of this man, who, though frequently unfortunate in the choice of his ſubjects, has many detached pieces of great elegance.—His verſes to his Cat, from their late publication, I ſhould hope, are better known, and may be conſidered as no contemptible ſpecimen of his claſſical abilities.—Moulin was a Proteſtant miniſter who taught philoſophy in Holland, and chaplain to Harry the Fourth's ſiſter, princeſs of Navarre. He died at Sedan, 1658, in the 90th year of his age.

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere. VIRGIL.

SECTION II.

Johnſon tells us, in his Life of Prior, vol. III. p. 37, he has been informed that his ſmaller pieces, which conſiſt of light images, or ſingle conceits, were not always his own; and that he has traced him among the French Epigrammatiſts. One would be inclined to conclude, that the following line from the Diverſorum Γνῶμαι, had given riſe to his

" Fire, water, women are our ruin,
Says wiſe Profeſſor Vander Bruin.

Θάλατσα, ϛ πῦρ, ϛ γὴν, κακὰ τρία. 558 Poet. Min.

Amidſt the various inſtances of faſtidious criticiſm in Johnſon's Life of Grey, the following cannot but ſtrike every reader but as falſe. " Idalia's *velvet* green has ſomething of cant; an epithet or metaphor drawn from nature enobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades nature." To the firſt part of this rule which the Doctor lays down, I readily aſſent; but does not the Doctor contradict himſelf, as well as reaſon, when we find in his Midſummer Wiſh, vol. III. Pearch's Collection,

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living *carpet* Nature ſpreads.

Inſtances of its uſage ſcarce need be adduced,

Others like Soldiers armed in their ſtings
Make boot upon the Summer's *velvet buds*,

Shakſpeare, ſpeaking of the Bees, ſcene II, Hen. V.

Through the *velvet leaves*, the wind
All unſeen 'gan paſſage find. Paſſionate Pilgrim.

For

For further remarks on this ſubject, ſee Potter's Enquiry, page 25.

In that beautiful performance, the Caſtle of Indolence, is the following expreſſive line:

"Or *prowl* in courts of *Law* for human *prey*."

It ſeems to have ſuggeſted to the Doctor,

Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell *Attorney prowls for* prey.

——— And with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the *ſign* to ſmile. Scene IV. Irene.

Mahomet ſays, in the laſt ſcene of the ſame play:

Yet ere I quit the ſcepter of dominion
Let one juſt act conclude the hateful day;
Hew down the guards, thoſe vaſſals of deſtruction,
Thoſe hounds of blood, *that catch the hint to kill.*

This idea, which Johnſon ſeems to have felt in its full force, is finely expanded and exemplified in Shakſpeare, in the ſcene between king John and Hubert, where the king ſuppoſes Hubert to have murdered Arthur in compliance with his *faint orders*, and repents of it.

King John—

It is the curſe of kings to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life,
And on the *winking of authority*,
To underſtand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majeſty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd reſpect.

And ſtill further on he ſays:

But thou didſt underſtand me by my *ſigns*. St. IV. K. John.

I thought,

I thought, forgive my fair, the nobleſt aim,
The ſtrongeſt effort of a female ſoul,
Was but to chuſe the graces of the day;
To *tune the tongue, to teach* the eye to roll,
Diſpoſe the colours of the flowing robes
And add new roſes to the faded cheek. Scene VII. Irene.

See Milton, book II. Paradiſe Loſt.

Bred only and compleated to the taſte
Of luſtful appetite, to ſing, to dance,
To *dreſs and troule the tongue and roll the eye.*

Johnſon, we frequently find, imitates himſelf.

——— Leontius muſt deſcend
Through hiſſing ages a proverbial coward,
The *tale* of women, and the ſcorn of fools. Sc. III. Irene.

Speaking of Charles the Twelfth,

He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To *point a moral, or adorn a tale.*
Vanity of Human Wiſhes.

Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still *drops ſome joy from with'ring life away.*
Vanity of Human Wiſhes.

This fine couplet contains the ſame idea we find ſo beautifully expreſſed in his late Elegy upon Mr. Level's death:

Condemn'd to Hope's deluſive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By *ſudden blaſts* or *ſlow decline,*
Our *ſocial* comforts *drop* away.

Perhaps both paſſages might have been ſuggeſted by the following lines in Young's Love of Fame, Sat. 5.

Not

Not numerous are our *joys*, when life is new,
And *yearly* ſome are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They *drop* apace; by nature ſome *decay*,
And ſome the *blaſts* of Fortune ſweep away.

Pope has well expreſſed the ſame idea:

Years following years ſteal ſomething ev'ry day;
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our frolicks, one amuſements end,
In one a miſtreſs *drops*, in one a *friend*.

POPE's Imit. Epiſt. II. B. II. of HORACE.

In another ſtanza of the Doctor's Elegy upon Levet, we meet with the ſame *turn* as in a paſſage of Gray:

Yet ſtill he fills Affection's eye,
Obſcurely wiſe, and coarſely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praiſe to merit unrefin'd.

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

Elegy in a Country Church Yard.

In another ſtanza he ſeems not to have forgotten Dryden:

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pauſe, nor left a void;
And ſure th' *Eternal Maſter* found,
The *ſingle talent* well employ'd.

Of

Of her five *talents* other five ſhe made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid.
DRYDEN's Panegyric on the Counteſs of Abingdon.

Theſe obſervations may appear trifling; but to trace the meanders of a great mind is ſeldom either uſeleſs or unpleaſant; and as ſuch, therefore, I ſhall not conclude my obſervations on Johnſon.

Robb'd of the maid with *whom I wiſh'd to triumph*,
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Succeſs and conqueſt now are empty ſounds. Irene, laſt Sc.

See the concluſion of his noble Preface to his Dictionary. "I have protracted my work till moſt of thoſe *whom I wiſhed to pleaſe have ſunk into the grave, and ſucceſs and miſcarriage are empty ſounds*: I therefore diſmiſs it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from cenſure or from praiſe."

See his fine Apoſtrophe to the ſhade of Edward:

Illuſtrious Edward! from the *realms of day*,
The land of Heroes and of *Saints ſurvey*; &c. &c.

Demetrius exclaims in the ſame ſtyle:

From thoſe *bright regions* of eternal *day*,
Where now thou ſhin'ſt among thy fellow-ſaints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me, &c. &c.
Irene, Act. I. Sc. I.

Having juſt mentioned Mr. Gray, I ſhall take occaſion to obſerve a paſſage of his in an Ode, the ſublimity of which equals, if not ſurpaſſes, any thing we have, where the metaphor appears to me broken and inconſiſtent:

Long on theſe mould'ring bones have *beat*
The Winter's ſnow, the Summer's heat. Deſcent of Odin.

With

With propriety *bones* may be ſaid to have been long beat with the Winter's ſnow; yet we can hardly, with juſtice, attribute the action of *beating* to a ray of the ſun. Pope has fallen into the ſame error.

Oppreſs'd we feel the *beam* directly *beat.* 2 Epiſt. I.

It occurs likewiſe in Spenſer's Fairy Queen, Canto V. B. III. where Belphœbe relieves Timeas, who falls in love with her:

Little ſhe ween'd that love he cloſe concealed;
Yet ſtill he waſted, as the ſnow congealed;
When the bright ſun his *beams* thereon doth *beat,*
Yet never he his heart to her revealed,
But rather choſe to die for ſorrow great,
Than with diſhonourable terms her to intreat.

The author need not remind his reader how the above fine deſcription is exceeded by Shakſpeare's picture of concealed Love.

Mr. Gray, in his Bard, has imitated the following fine lines of Dryden in his deſcription of the Temple of Mars.

The landſcape was a foreſt wide and bare,
Where neither beaſt nor human kind repair;
The *fowl* that ſcent afar, the *borders* fly,
And ſhun the bitter blaſt, and wheel about the ſky. DRYDEN.

On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale!
Far, far aloof, th' affrighted ravens ſail,
The famiſh'd eagle ſcreams and paſſes by. GRAY.

——— where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe. GRAY's View of Eton College.

See Grotius's Erudita ignorantia;

Neſcire quædam, magna pars ſapientiæ eſt.

Grotius's verſes, which are extremely good, will be found to be ſuggeſted by Lucretius:

Multa tegit ſacro in volucro Natura; neque ullis
Fas eſt ſcire quidem mortalibus omnia. Multa
Admirare modo nec non venerare.

The concluding part of the abovementioned Ode of Gray ſeems to have been ſuggeſted by the fifth ſection of Oldham's Counterpart to his Satyre againſt Virtue:

The inſect youth are on the wing
Eager to taſte the *bonied* ſpring. Ode to Spring.

Surely the *inſect youth* is quaint and affected? We find this attribute given by Shakſpeare in one of his ſonnets to the Summer:

O how ſhall *Summer's bonied breath* hold out?
Johnſon's Shakſpeare, vol. II. p. 633.

Manuel, in the Revenge, ſpeaking of Leonora, ſays,

——— her aged father
CARLOS. Leads her this way—
She looks like radiant Truth,
Brought forth by the hand of hoary Time. Act I. Sc. I.

It is not improbable that Young had a deſign of Rubens in his eye, which Dr. Percy, in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. II. page 139, mentions: "In the title-page of this laſt, i. e. The Poſies of George Gaſcoigne, eſq. (by way of Printer's or Bookſeller's device) is an ornanamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is repreſented

repreſented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, 'occulta veritas, tempore patet. '[R. S.]' This is mentioned becauſe it is not improbable the accidental ſight of this or ſome other title-page, containing the ſame device, ſuggeſted to Rubens that well-known deſign of a ſimilar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery, and which has been ſo juſtly cenſured for the unnatural manner of its execution."

Man wants but little, nor that little long.
Young's Night Thoughts, Night IV.

"Then, pilgrim, turn; thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long. Goldſmith's Hermit.

—— aperta enim res eſt, quotidie nos ipſa *natura admonet*,
Quam *paucis quam parvis rebus egeat, quam vilibus.*
Cicero's Tuſc. Quæſt.

"Some paſſages in our old dramas incline one to think, that when tragedies were performed, the ſtage was hung with black." This conjecture is ſupported by many inſtances from our old plays. See vol. II. page 21, Supplement to Johnſon and Steevens's Shakſpeare.

I ſhall beg leave to add the two following inſtances:

Would'ſt thou behold a tragicke ſceane of ſorrow,
Whoſe wofull plot the author did borrow
From ſad invention? the *ſable ſtage*,
The lively actors with their equipage, &c. &c.
Job Militant by Quarles. Propoſition of the worke

"Let her be made the *ſable* ſtage whereon
Shall firſt be acted bloody *Tragedies*.
Nemeſis, ſpeaking of England, Civil Wars, by Daniel, Book VI.

The pages of Mr. H. Walpole are peruſed in general with ſo much eagerneſs, and quitted with ſo much regret, that I am well aware it will be deemed almoſt literary treaſon to controvert his opinion. We are indebted to him, no doubt, for much novelty of remark, and much ſubtelty of enquiry, upon ſubjects, in the determining of which, the operations even of genius can make but a ſlow progreſs, and where conjecture muſt ſo often ſupply the place of information. Yet, through all his works, it needs little ſagacity to perceive a pervading rage of innovation, with a coxcomical fondneſs for ſetting the world right. I am far from meaning to inſinuate, that errors from their length of ſtanding can poſſibly ceaſe to be errors. He that fairly undeceives the world, is highly intitled to its thanks and its commendation. An air of plauſible novelty allures moſt readers; thoſe, therefore, who judge not for themſelves, are ever ready to take upon truſt the new-vampt opinions of any ingenious adventurer, who with the genuine ſpirit of Quixotiſm, ſallies forth upon diſcoveries that no one but himſelf can make, and raiſes difficulties merely for the ſake of diſpelling them. When the juſt fame, therefore, of a man whom the poet, the ſcholar, and the ſtateſman of paſt ages, looked up to as the darling of the day, is not only petulantly doubted, but arrogantly denied; admiration looks with an unwilling eye upon the hand that deſtroys the character ſhe has been ſo long accuſtomed to revere. Since general accuſation amounts to but little, I ſhall refer my readers particularly to his life of Sir John Vanburgh, in his Anecdotes of Painting, with that of Lord Falkland and Sir Fulke Grevile, Lord Brooke, in his Royal and Noble Authors;

The pages of Mr. H. Walpole are peruſed in general with ſo much eagerneſs, and quitted with ſo much regret, that I am well aware it will be deemed almoſt literary treaſon to controvert his opinion. We are indebted to him, no doubt, for much novelty of remark, and much ſubtelty of enquiry, upon ſubjects, in the determining of which, the operations even of genius can make but a ſlow progreſs, and where conjecture muſt ſo often ſupply the place of information. Yet, through all his works, it needs little ſagacity to perceive a pervading rage of innovation, with a coxcomical fondneſs for ſetting the world right. I am far from meaning to inſinuate, that errors from their length of ſtanding can poſſibly ceaſe to be errors. He that fairly undeceives the world, is highly intitled to its thanks and its commendation. An air of plauſible novelty allures moſt readers; thoſe, therefore, who judge not for themſelves, are ever ready to take upon truſt the new-vampt opinions of any ingenious adventurer, who with the genuine ſpirit of Quixotiſm, ſallies forth upon diſcoveries that no one but himſelf can make, and raiſes difficulties merely for the ſake of diſpelling them. When the juſt fame, therefore, of a man whom the poet, the ſcholar, and the ſtateſman of paſt ages, looked up to as the darling of the day, is not only petulantly doubted, but arrogantly denied; admiration looks with an unwilling eye upon the hand that deſtroys the character ſhe has been ſo long accuſtomed to revere. Since general accuſation amounts to but little, I ſhall refer my readers particularly to his life of Sir John Vanburgh, in his Anecdotes of Painting, with that of Lord Falkland and Sir Fulke Grevile, Lord Brooke, in his Royal and Noble Authors;

in the temple of Fame than the gallant Sir Philip Sidney. The Arcadia, notwithſtanding the pedantry of its language, and intricacy of its deſign, abounds with many detached deſcriptions truly ſublime and pathetic: and if we make proper allowances for the time in which it was written, it will be found to be a work of much acquired knowledge, and great original brilliancy. It ſhould be remembered likewiſe, that, as in the Fairy Queen of Spenſer, many alluſions are made to the prevailing characters of the day, though now ſcarce perceptible. As the book is not much read, I ſhall ſelect a few ſpecimens, out of many, for the peruſal of the reader.

As no one can doubt the *taſte* of the writer of the *Caſtle of Otranto*, I am ſometimes inclined to believe he never read the work he abuſes; upon no other principle am I able to account for his deſcription of it. In the liſt of pictured beauties, whoſe knights were conquered by Phalantus, the following fine image cannot but ſtrike the reader, and poſſibly may, in ſome meaſure, remind him of Sterne's Maria.—"*But the next picture.——It was of a young maid, which ſate pulling out a thorn out of a lamb's foot, with her look ſo attentive upon it, as if that little foot could have been the circle of her thoughts; her apparel ſo poor, as it had nothing but the inſide to adorn it; but with all that poverty, beauty played the prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greateſt queen there did.*" Vol. I. p. 108.

The penſive figure of Philoclea in her chamber is well deſcribed, ſee vol. II. page 417. The amaze of Muſidorus upon finding Pyrocles in the arbour, is finely imagined," Book I. p. 80.—"But by that time Muſidorus had gathered his ſpirits together, *and yet caſting a ghaſtful coun-*

countenance upon him, as if he could conjure ſome ſtrange ſpirits, he thus ſpake unto him."

With that he buſtled up himſelf, as *though his heart would fain have walked abroad.* Book I. p. 104.

Cecropia, the ambitious mother of Amphialus, in her account of her exertions for his ſake; after mentioning her fame and exaltation, ſpeaking of the change in her condition, from good fortune to adverſity, adds this expreſſive circumſtance: "For now from the multitude of followers, *ſilence* grew to be at my gate, and *abſence* in my preſence." Book III. p. 414.

See the account of Kalander's Garden, B. I. p. 15. "And in one of the thickets was a fine fountain made thus: a naked Venus of white marble, wherein the graver had uſed ſuch cunning, that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places, to ſet forth the beautiful veins of her body. *At her breaſt ſhe had her babe Æneas, who ſeemed, having begun to ſuck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which ſmiled at the babe's folly,* mean while the breaſt running.

See the account of Cecropia's being abaſhed at the prayer and appearance of Pamela, B. III. p. 436, 7.

The cowardice of Clineas is deſcribed with ſuch minuteneſs and attention to the workings of nature, as is ſeldom found. P. 437. The death of Ismenus is well worth notice. B. III. p. 444. It thus concludes: "Philanx himſelf could have wiſhed the blow ungiven, when he ſaw him fall *like a fair apple, which ſome uncourteous body, breaking his bough, ſhould throw down before it were ripe.*

With the following ſublime deſcription I ſhall conclude my extracts; too much cannot be ſaid in commendation of its abruptneſs and vigour; it may be conſidered as the

beſt

beſt ſpecimen of Sidney's genius, and exceeds, perhaps, every thing of the kind, both ancient and modern. B. III. p. 445.

——— When into the preſs comes, as hard as his horſe (more afraid of the ſpur than the ſword) could carry him, a knight in armour, *as black as darkneſs could make it, followed by none, and adorned by nothing*; ſo far without authority, that he was without knowledge; but virtue quickly made him known, and admiration bred him ſuch authority, that though they of whoſe ſide he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him; and while he was followed by the valianteſt he made way for the vileſt; for, taking part with the beſiegers, *he made the Amphialians blood ſerve for a capariſon to his horſe, and a decking to his armour.*

The account of the field of battle, further on, is very fine. "And now the often changing fortune began alſo to change the hue of the battles; for, at the firſt, though it were terrible, yet *terror* was decked ſo bravely with rich furniture, gilt ſwords, ſhining armours, pleaſant pencils, *that the eye with delight had ſcarce leiſure to be afraid:* but now all univerſally defiled with duſt, broken armour, mangled bodies, took away the maſk, and *ſet forth horror in his own horrible manner.*" B. III. p. 446.

SECTION III.

IN the poetry of Goldſmith we find few ideas borrowed, nor is it eaſy to trace him in the paths of imitation; of his few imitations, this, perhaps, may be one:

Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the *ſilent manlineſs of grief.* Deſerted Village.

Mute ſolemn ſorrow, free from *female noiſe,*
Such as the *manlineſs of grief* deſtroys.
Dryden, in his deſcription of Sigiſmonda.

The following line (whether of Dryden or Blackmore I know not) which is remembered only to be abuſed, and quoted but to be laughed at, ſeems to have been ſuggeſted by a paſſage in Maſſinger.

"*None but himſelf could be his parallel.*"

Her goodneſs does diſdain compariſon,
And, but herſelf, admits no parallel.
Duke of Milan, Scene III.

We find a thought in Maſſinger ſimilar to one in the Roſciad of Churchill:

——— I will teach
My ſpaniel to howl in ſweeter language,
And keep a better method. Bondman, Scene III.

Parrots themſelves ſpeak properly by rote,
And, in ſix months, my dog ſhall howl by note. Roſciad.

The following much admired epigram, I cannot help thinking, would be conſiderably improved, if, inſtead of ſuppoſing Acon and Leonilla brother and ſiſter, we con-

ſider

ſider them as mother and ſon, and in the third line ſubſtitute *Parenti* for *Sorori*:

Lumine Acon dextro, capta eſt Leonilla ſiniſtro;
Et potis eſt forma vincere uterque Deos.
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede Sorori;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, ſic erit illa Venus.

Anthолog. Poem. Ital.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

Dryden to the memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew.

Pope certainly had this line in his eye when he wrote Gay's epitaph:

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man; ſimplicity a child.

The "Theodore and Honoria" of Dryden, affords, perhaps, more inſtances of real poetry than any other of his ſmaller productions. I cannot help thinking, that an expreſſion in it ſuggeſted a ſimilar one to Mr. Collins, whoſe imagination muſt have highly reliſhed Dryden's deſcription:

High on his ſtirrups he provoked the fight,
Then on the crowd he caſt a furious look,
And *wither'd* all their ſtrength before he ſpoke.

Theod. and Hon.

——— But with a frown
Revenge impatient roſe;
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a *withering look*,
The war-denouncing trumpet took, &c. &c.

The Paſſions, an Ode, by Collins.

If we except the tragedy of Cato, to his poetry Mr. Addiſon is not indebted for much reputation; in general

it is either inſipid or bombaſtic, as when he talks of the aqueducts, in his letter from Italy:

"Whole *rivers* here forſake the fields below,
And, *wond'ring* at their height, thro' airy channels flow."

Again, when ſpeaking of the *trees*, he ſays:

"Or when tranſplanted and preſerv'd with care,
Curſe the cold clime, and ſtarve in Northern air."

Letter from Italy.

It is confidently reported of him, that when he wrote his account of the greateſt Engliſh poets to Mr. Sacheverell, he had never read Spenſer, of whom he gives a circumſtantial character. I am inclined to ſuſpect, from the following encomiaſtic lines upon the Pindarics of Cowley, that he had never read them likewiſe:

What Muſe but thine can equal hints inſpire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre;
Pindar, whom others, in a labour'd ſtrain,
And forc'd expreſſion, imitate in vain:
Well pleas'd in thee, he ſoars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verſe, and takes a nobler flight.

See Mr. Pope's opinion of Pindarics, Book II. Epiſt. II. Imitations of Horace, p. 73.

Each fights, as on his arm the important day,
And all the fate of his great monarch lay.

Addiſon's Campaign.

Thus Milton, Book VI, Paradiſe Loſt, p. 238.

——— *Each on himſelf rely'd,*
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of Victory: ———

Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the Sun, and pleaſure to the Day.

Addiſon, ſpeaking of Liberty, in his Letter from Italy.

The caſt of this couplet is not unlike the beginning of Hayley's Triumphs of Temper, Canto II.

Ye radiant Nymphs, whoſe opening eyes convey
Warmth to the world, and luſtre to the day!

Hayley, in his fine deſcription of Serena's aunt, ſeems to have had Milton in his eye. Triumphs of Temper, Canto I.

A reſtleſs ghoſt, that, with remembrance keen,
Proclaim'd inceſſant what it once had been;
Delighted ſtill the ſteps of youth to haunt,
To watch the tender nymph, and warm gallant,
And, *with an eye that petrified purſuit,*
Hang like a dragon o'er th' Heſperian fruit.

But Beauty, like the fair Heſperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, *had need the guard*
Of *Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,*
To ſave her bloſſoms and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold incontinence. MASK.

For ſtalls, like church-yards *moral* truths ſupply,
And teach the viſionary Bard to die.
Hayley on Epic Poetry, Epiſt. IV.

And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die. GRAY.

The following idea is ſimilar in three paſſages of different poets, yet poſſibly without any intention of imitation:

—— And though his face be as ill
As heirs, *which in old hangings whip Chriſt,* ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe. Donne's Sat. IV.

Produce an hideous wight, more ugly far
Than thoſe *ill ſhapes which in old hangings are.*
Oldham's Imitation of the 3d Satire of Juvenal.

'Twere

'Twere well might Critics ſtill this freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like *ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.*

Pope's Eſſay on Crit. p. 586.

Thomſon, in his Seaſons, frequently uſes the words *nation* and *people*, applied to the bird creation. Though it may be defended by numberleſs inſtances from the dead languages; yet I cannot help thinking in our own, it has a harſh and affected air:

——— Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpence
The *plumy people* ſtreak their wings with oil. Spring.

He calls the birds "*Plumy nations.*" Summer 726.

We find this uſage in Spenſer likewiſe. Fairy Queen.

Even all the *nation* of unfortunate
And fatal *birds* about them flocked were.

——— Eum vaſti circum *gens* humida ponti
Exultans rorem latè diſpergit amarum.

Virg. Georg. IV. p. 430.

Θηρίων τ'ἀγρίων ἔθνη—351. Antigone. Soph.

Prior has a line in his verſes, inſcribed to the memory of the hon. George Villiers, which ſeems ſuggeſted by the beginning of an epitaph preſerved by Camden. As it conſiderably ſurpaſſes the epitaphs of the times in which it was produced, I ſhall inſert it at length:

Whether thy choyce or chance thee hither brings;
Stay, paſſenger, and waile the hap of kings,
This little ſtone a great king's heart doth hold,
That ruled the fickle French, and Polacks bold,

Whom

Whom with a mighty warlike hoſt attended,
With trayterous knife, a cowled monſter ended.
So frayle are even the higheſt earthly things;
Goe, paſſenger, and wayle the fate of kings.

It is inſcribed upon the tomb of the heart of Harry III. king of France, ſlain by a Jacobine frier, 1589. See Camden's Remains, p. 400.

Whoe'er thou art whom *choice* or *buſineſs leads*
To this ſad river or the neghbouring meads. PRIOR.

SECTION

SECTION IV.

FEW ſubjects of inquiry have been inveſtigated by abler hands, or with greater attention, than the learning of Shakſpeare; many have concluded, that the intimate knowledge both of art and nature, with which his works are pregnant, could only be the reſult of the ſtrongeſt genius, aſſiſted by a regular education, and improved by ſubſequent ſtudy. Amongſt the foremoſt in this opinion was Upton, a man, whoſe literary errors, however occaſionally glaring, are always worth attending to, ſince in him, where we do not find truth, we ſeldom miſs of information: to a large ſtock of ancient erudition, he added ſome taſte, and to unwearied diligence much critical ſagacity; what ſtill further inhanced the value of the commentator, many of his hours had been ſpent amidſt the dry duſt of the Black-letter and the ſolitary pages of long-forgotten tranſlation. The queſtion, whether or no Shakſpeare had read the ancients in their reſpective languages, for a long time remained a matter of doubt; there appeared no reaſon ſufficiently determinate to aſcertain the queſtion, till it was decided by the ſhort and ſatisfactory Eſſay of Dr. Farmer: a circrmſtance productive of much pleaſure to the admirers of our Engliſh bard; as many of thoſe beauties, which from a knowledge of his claſſical ignorance can only be his own, would have been frequently attributed to imitation, where paſſages in the ancients had been diſcovered, in the ſmalleſt degree, appoſite or ſimilar. I ſhall, therefore, endeavour to point out ſome few inſtances where the ſentiments or expreſſions in Shakſpeare and the ancients are immediately parallel, or

paſſages

paſſages where the ideas in both are carried on in a ſimilar ſpirit.

——— For it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack and loſt,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours. Much ado about Nothing, Sc. II.

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam exoulis quærimus invidi. Hor. Ode 24. Lib. III.

For ſo I've *ſtrew'd* it in the common *ear*.
Meaſure for Meaſure, Scene VII.

——— hinc *ſpargere* voces
In vulgum ambiguos. Virgil. Lib. II. p. 98.

Μὴ σὺν φθόνῳ τι καὶ πολυγλώσσῳ βοῇ
Σπείρῃ μιαίαν βάξιν ἐς πᾶσαν πόλιν. Soph. Electra, p. 644.

To give the kingdom for a mirth, *to ſit*
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon, &c. Antony and Cleop.

Invenies aliquo cum percuſſore jacentem,
Permiſtum nautis, aut furibus, aut fugitivis;
Inter carnifices, et fabros Sandapilarum,
Et reſupinati ceſſantia tympana Galli:
Æqua ibi libertas, communia pocula, &c. &c. Juvenal.

"For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good."
Catharine ſpeaking of Dumain, Act. II. Sc. I. L. Lab. Loſt.

From this poſſibly Milton might take an idea in his Paradiſe Loſt:

"To make the worſe appear
The better cauſe.——

To move wild laughter in the throat of death.
Love's Labour loſt, Scene X.

From this thought an extreme groteſque idea in Milton ſeems to have originated. Comus, p. 560.

——— I was all ear,
And took in ſtrains *that might create a ſoul*
Under the ribs of death.

The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health. Henry IV. part II.

Thus Amata ſays to Turnus, Virgil, Lib. XII.

——— decus imperiumque Latini
Te penes; in te omnis domus *inclinata recumbit.*

Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my *ſeated heart knock at my ribs.* Shakſpeare.

Thus Andromache, when ſhe hears the voice of lamentation for the death of Hector, exclaims:

——— ἐν δέ μοι αὐτῇ
Στήθεσι πάλλεται ἦτορ ἀνὰ ῥόμβον. Hom. Il. XXII. p. 452.

Virgil, in the Georgics, ſpeaking of the mixture of Hope and Fear:

——— Exultantiaque haurit
Corda pavor pulſans. III. 106.

The ancient cuſtom of ſwearing by the eyes Shakſpeare has introduced:

——— I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace, and liberty. Lear.

Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As *precious eye-ſight.* Love's Labour Loſt.

See Æſchylus. Thebes, Ag. VII. p. 635.

——— ὀμμάτων δ' ὑπέρτερον,

Thus

Thus Catullus:

Ni te plus *oculis meis amarem.*

Etſi perque ſuos fallax *jurarit ocellos.*

Tibullus, Eleg. VI. p. 47.

There is a common metaphor taken from wax, and transfered to the pliability of the features of the mind frequently uſed by the ancients: this we likewiſe find in Shakſpeare.

Cereus in vitium flecti. Hor.

Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut ſi quis *cerâ* vultum facit. Juv. Sat. VII.

Artificemque tuo ducit ſub pollice vultum. Perſ. Sat. V.

What ſay you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid,
To you your father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a *form in wax,*
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or diſfigure it. Shakſpeare.

Richard the Second is viſited, during his confinement in Pomfret caſtle, by a man who had formerly been a groom in his ſervice; the man, upon ſeeing his old maſter, begins by mentioning a profeſſional circumſtance, the moſt ſimple and the moſt affecting:

Groom. "O how it yearned my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets that coronation-day;
When Bolingbrooke rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as he had diſdained the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him,
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and *break the neck*
Of that proud man that did uſurp his back?"

The ſpirit of theſe three laſt lines is not unlike that in the beautiful and pathetic addreſs of Mezentius to his horſe:

Rhœbe diu (res ſi qua diu mortalibus ulla eſt),
Viximus: aut hodie victor ſpolia illa diemque
Et caput Æneæ referes, Lauſique dolorum
Ultor eris mecum; aut aperit ſi nulla viam vis,
Occumbes pariter: *neque enim fortiſſime credo*
Juſſa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.

Æn. X. ver. 860.

I have always conſidered the ſcene in which Clarence begs his life, as one of the beſt in Shakſpeare: in the following lines, where he artfully mixes ſolicitation with reproof, there is a near reſemblance to that animated ſpeech of Antigone's in Sophocles: in which ſhe anſwers the interrogations of Creon:

1 Vill. "What we will do, we do upon command,
2 Vill. And he that hath commanded is our king.
Clarence. Erroneous vaſſals! the great king of kings,
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou ſhalt do no murder. Will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hands
To hurl upon their heads that break his law."

Richard III. Scene VI.

Creon. Ηιδεις τα κηρυχθεντα, μη παρουσιν τωδε;
Antig. Ηιδη. τι δ' ουκ εμελλεν; εμφανη γαρ ην.
Creon. Και δητ' εβουλιθης τηνδε υπερβαινειν νομους;

Antig.

Antig. Οὐ γαρ τι μοι Ζὺς ἦν ὁ κηρυξας ταδε
Οὐδ' ἡ ξυνοικος τῶν κατω θεων δικη
Οἱ τηνδ' ἐν ἀνθρωποισιν ὡρισαν νομους.
Οὐδε σθενειν τοσουτον ὠμην τὰ σὰ
Κηρυγματ', ὡστ' ἀγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεων
Νομιμα δυνασθαι θνητον ὀντ' ὐπερδραμειν.
Οὐ γαρ τι νῦν γε κἀχθες ἀλλ' ἀει ποτε
Ζῇ ταυτα, κουδεις οἰδεν ἐξ ὁτου φανη. Antig. 444.

Menenius ſays in Coriolanus:

He was not taken well; he *had not dined*.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſupler ſouls
Than in our prieſtlike faſts: therefore I'll watch him,
And then I'll ſet upon him. Act V. Scene I.

One of the goſſips in Theocritus, who had been to the feſtival of Adonis, has the ſame thought, where ſhe urges her huſband's phlegm before dinner, as an excuſe for her departure. See Idyll. 15.

Ὡρα ὁμως π' εἰς οικον' ἀναιξ Διοκλειδᾳ
Χω' ''ηρ οξυ αγαν πεινᾶνἰ γε μηδεπω' ἠθης.

Tacitus, in his work "de moribus Germanorum," has a curious remark of the ſame nature. "Sed et de reconciliandis invicem inimicis, et jungendis affinitatibus, et adſciſcendis principiis, de pace denique et bello plerumque in *conviviis* conſultant: *tanquam nullo magis tempore* aut *ad ſimplices cogitationes pateat animus, aut ad magnas incaleſcat.*"

Impranſus non qui civem dignoſceret hoſte. Epod. Hor.

Shakſpeare, in a moſt natural deſcription of Coriolanus, which is given by one ſervant to another, ſeems to have had his eye upon a paſſage in the Pſalms:

Serv.—"Why he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to Mars: ſet at upper end of the table, no queſtion aſked him by any of the ſenators, but they ſtand bald before him; our general himſelf *makes a miſtreſs of him*; ſanctifies himſelf with his hand, and *turns up the white of his eye to his diſcourſe.*" Scene V.

See Pſalm CXXIII.

"Behold even as the eyes of ſervants look unto the hands of their maſters, and as *the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her miſtreſs*; even ſo our eyes wait upon the Lord until he have mercy upon us."

Again, See Pſalm CXXX.

"If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiſs: O Lord, who may abide it?

——— How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, ſhould
But judge you as you are. Meaſure for Meaſure.

An

An INVOCATION to HEALTH.

THOU, holy Air, and you ye light-wing'd Gales,
Ye ſtreams that ceaſe not, but in ſleepleſs flow
Invite the muſe-led Wanderer to your banks,
And all the painted cohort of the Spring,
Primroſe, and coſtly pink, and daffodil;
Thou too, illuſtrious Orbit, I invoke,
Servants of God, be preſent to my ſong.
Come, jolly Health, with ever-laughing eye,
And ruddy cheek, thou whom the Muſes love,
On whom the roſy-finger'd Hours attend,
'Tis at thy word, the Swain with ſturdy foot,
O'er the ſmooth ſhare incumbent turns the glebe,
Caroling the ſoul of ruſtic harmony;
Or heaps with ready hand, in proud array,
The ſwelling haycock ſcorching in the ſun,
Or lays in ample decent ſhocks expos'd,
The rich and goodly produce of the year.
Daughter of Spring, auſpicious Maid, attend,
For in thy honour moves my humble ſtrain.
Give me to dwell with thee, where high the cliff
Uplifts in air its ſhagg'd and cumb'rous head,
Where the lone cataract chafes the ſolid rock,
Flinging its whiten'd wave adown the vale,
Where ſcarce expos'd to the rude graſp of man,
In decent pride the lily ſpreads its ſweets,
While to the violet plies the amorous bee
Its ſong full fondly, and in ſhriller notes
Anſwer the harmleſs Syrens of the grove.

What

What time the flaming Sirius parch'd the year,
As ſtretch'd beneath a ſtately oak I lay,
The God of dreams bade this fair proſpect riſe:
Here, thought I, pleaſing Melancholy dwells,
With arched brow, and eye that loves the ground;
As o'er the ſcene my buſy fancy rov'd,
The Maid herſelf appear'd—lovely ſhe was,
Lovely, as to the wearied Sailor's eye,
Shews the full radiance of the golden Sun,
Riſing to light the watry wilderneſs,
O'er which, long time, the winds had tyranniz'd,
In full confuſion toſſing ev'ry wave,
She ſtood.—Her treſſes floated in the wind,
And golden ſandals bound the Virgin's feet,
And to the gale full many a ſigh ſhe gave,
Nor ought regarded how the riſing ſurge
Sprinkled her looſen'd veſt.—Aurora's roſe
Dew-fed, and bluſhing, ſhew'd not half ſo fair.
Onward with ſearching eye I gaz'd, when lo!
A youth, whom Venus ſelf might love, appear'd,
And thus beneath a willow tree reclin'd,
To mocking winds in accents ſad he ſpake.—
" Forth ſtalk'd the power of Peſtilence accurſt,
" And havock looſen'd on the race of man,
" Nor the pure charm of Virgin innocence,
" Nor aught the vigour of the young availed,
" Bearded old Age found burial premature,
" And Beauty fell, and Valour kiſs'd the duſt.—
" The lovely young Meliſſa once was mine,
" And fair ſhe was.—Pride of my amorous ſong;
" Perch'd on her dimpled cheek ſat Venus' boy,
" Smiling deſtruction on the gazing croud,

" And

" And on her boſom bloſſom'd young deſire;
" No more the vivid lightning of her eye,
" Where revell'd erſt the tyranny of Love,
" Strikes pleaſing pain to each beholder's heart.
" Grim Pluto envied my ſuperior bliſs,
" And ſnatch'd the blooming maiden from my arms.
" Yet not in terrors came, nor wiſh'd, nor fear'd,
" For ſilent as the dew at eve ſhe fell;
" Hope, that can give the ſhipwreck'd ſailor eaſe,
" As round the ſhatter'd plank daſh the wild waves,
" To me is dead.—Meliſſa is no more.—
" Now not the magic of the Poet's ſong
" Can tune my ſoul to harmony: And thou,
" Muſic, beſt gift of heaven, that o'er the mind
" Bear'ſt haughty ſway, and guid'ſt it as the helm
" Guides the proud ſhip, canſt now no more enchant.
" Joyleſs to me, the Sun his viſit pays,
" Nor aught the gentle moon-beams can refreſh
" My ſoul, fatigued with ſorrows of the day.
" Comfort, to thee farewell—here will I ſit,
" And ever emulate the bird of night,
" Mouthing mock melody.—Come, foul Deſpair,
" And in this boſom ſhalt thou ſhelter find."

Thus ſung the youth, or thus he ſeem'd to ſing,
Nor in more pleaſing melancholy ſtrain,
The Halcyons pour their notes, or from the bank,
Sings its laſt ſolemn dirge, the dying ſwan.—
To thee, oh Health, again my ſtrains return;
With Thee my ſong began, with Thee ſhall end;
When as by Spring relax'd, the teeming Earth
Opens again her boſom to the plough,

Again all nature ſeems to ſmile around,
Again rejoicing in his length of neck,
With oary feet the ſwan divides the ſtream,
And proudly looſens to the coming gale
His ſnow-white plumage, while the watery tribe,
Exulting, leap above the topmoſt wave,
And quaff the vital air.—Then on the green
The village celebrates the riſing year,
High toſs'd in air the ſounding cymbals fly,
Nor wanting is the fife, or thund'ring drum,
And tun'd to notes of baſer harmony.
The horn melodious winds, the jolly horn
Doubles its notes, and doubles yet again,
While hills, woods, ſtreams, and valleys ring around.

Then at thy bidding, Health, the ruſtic Youths,
In circle firm, join in the rougher ſports,
Aided by thee, the football mounts in air,
By Thee the village hero bears the prize;
Him, when contending with the uſeful throng,
Whether his arm the ſolid ceſtus heave,
Or urge the flying Diſcus to its mark,
The croud encourage with repeated ſhouts,
And oft the glance of Envy marks the deed.

Oft at this Seaſon, the rebellious North,
With dire intent to blaſt the bloom of Spring,
Comes from his iron cave ruſhing amain,
And hurries with him rain, and hail, and ſnow.
Then what avails the gaily ſpotted wing,
On which the May-fly ſported, to the day
Giving ts painted plumes, in idle hope

To-morrow's Sun with equal ray would gild,
And equal honour bleſs his happy flight?
In vain the Orchard then puts forth its buds,
And glads the hind with faireſt promiſes;
He, not unmov'd, beholds his hopes deceived,
And weeps the falling honours of the year.

Thine be it, Health, to bind th' oppreſſive blaſt,
And thine own Seaſon grant a kinder fate.
When now the Summer bids the ripen'd year,
A ſurer proſpect bear of happineſs;
Thrice bleſt are they who know the upland lawn,
Ere yet the tumult of the day begins,
When firſt the Mower from the tow'ring graſs,
The dew-drop daſhing, lowly dips his ſcythe,
When ſcarce the Jay is hoarſe, or from the brake
The blackbird's whiſtle rouze his gay compeers,
To hail the coming of the God of Day.

Big with thy bleſſings, Health, each ſeaſon ſmiles,
E'en when the noon-tide Sun unſtrings the nerve,
The dog-ſtar raging, nor a breeze is heard
To ſhake the leaves, ſilent the feather'd choir,
When the proud ſtream that in imperious ſort,
Bore down its banks oppoſing, nor content,
But onward taking its deſtructive way,
Delug'd the promis'd year, now creeps along,
Slow and confin'd, ſcarce daring chafe its ſhores,
With thee 'tis joy to ſeek the cooling ſhade
Where ſtillneſs reigns, ſave while the Graſshopper
Chirps the long day his ſleep inviting ſong.

Vain without thee were Autumn's golden gifts,
The purple nect'rine, and the downy peach,
And taſteleſs all; thou giv'ſt luxurious Man,
To know the reliſh of the mellow fig,
And pluck him from beneath the ſhelt'ring leaf,
Idly ſecure: But for thy influence,
The ripening cluſter would unheeded ſwell,
And ſcarce libations know the roſy God.
'Tis thou who cheer'ſt the merry reapers heart,
As low he ſtoops amid the yellow grain,
To win his way! 'Tis thou whoſe watchful hand
Protects him, while to reſt his wearied limbs
Beneath the ſhadowing elm he ſleeps outſtretch'd;
Or, as his liſtleſs length he lays fatigued
When haply now the noontide meal is o'er,
In ſilence wond'ring to what curious point
The traveller cloud is haſtening, from what ſource
So vaſt, ſo boundleſs comes the fleecy ſtore.

Again, I call thee, Goddeſs, to my ſong,
Come with thy bonnet blue, and buſkin'd leg,
Thou, that canſt give the village maiden's eye,
To ſparkle like the dew-drop of the morn,
As up the hill ſhe hies at early day,
Chearing with jocund ſong the loneſome walk.
Thee, the ſtout Laplander, with ready prayer,
Invokes, as o'er the harden'd element,
Dauntleſs he flies on pinions borne more ſwift
Than the north wind, with all his evils arm'd.
If thou canſt liſten to the ſavage ſong
Of Arab wild, or Tartar ſtain'd with blood,

Let

Let not the hamlet call with vow unheard;
Nature her fleecy carpet thick has ſpread,
Which growing ſtill, ſtill grows the want of thee.

This is the ſeaſon when from the infernal cave
Iſſued the daughter fell of Tartarus,
His eldeſt born, and nam'd black ſuicide.
She, whom the brave man from his midnight couch,
Tho' Grief, Deſpair, and Pain around him wait,
Indignant ſpurns, ſcorning his proffer'd Love.
The coward catches, and in luckleſs hour,
With her embarking ſeeks a ſhore unknown,
His pilot gone, and heedleſs where he lands.

But turn we rather to the happier ſcene,
Where in broad circle round the crackling flame
Crowd the brown peaſants, and the livelong hour
In homely talk beguile, or from the bowl,
Call forth in boiſt'rous mirth the lurking God.
While the wide whitening tempeſt idly beats,
Meantime the houſewife ſits not unemploy'd.
She, in cloſe flannel wraps the callow brood
Of the loud-cackling hen, and from the flame
Supplies with borrow'd warmth, the wick of life.

In ſuch like duties paſs the chearful days,
Till ev'ning comes, and though her ſhadowy train
Envelope earth and all the face of things,
No heart from joy eſtrang'd the Peaſant knows,
Again the crackling billet highly pil'd,
Gladdens his heart, and while the taper's light,
Gives to the paſſing ſtranger tranſient joy;

Old age ſits ſmiling from the wicked chair,
Content that labour is no more its lot.

Thus be it ever to the lab'ring hand;
While youth and vigour fit him for the field,
His be the love of toil, and his the palm
With which the village decks its braveſt ſons.
And now, when ſtealing time has cropt the roſe
That wont to bloſſom on his cheek, and age,
Though uſeleſs, not unhonour'd, borne him down.
May age its comfort to itſelf ſupply;
Theſe bleſſings grant, thou that in dewy ſhowers,
The wings of Zephyr clotheſt, lighting ſoft,
To cheer the boſom of the harden'd earth.
And wake the plant creation to new life;
Or giv'ſt the northern blaſt a keener tooth,
As o'er the plain the tyrant ſweeps along
Than hungry wolves night howling o'er their prey.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACTS.

IN the Town and Country Magazine for March, 1783, the Lamentation of Llwarch-hen was introduced by the following preface: "The ſuggeſtions which have ariſen, in conſequence of the publications of Macpherſon's Oſſian, and Evan's Specimens of Welch Poetry, ſeem to have ſummoned the attention of the learned to reſearches, into which the eye of inveſtigation had never before penetrated, or the hand of curioſity attempted to explore. Having lately been in the library of the Louvre in France, for the purpoſe of examining ſome ſcarce books for a friend, I was not a little diverted with the ſight of ſome old Poems and Romances in the Welch, Italian, and French languages; and in the former part of my life, having been ſituated in Merionethſhire, I there acquired the Welch language, and where, indeed, the old dialect is ſtill retained in greater preſervation than in any other county. From theſe circumſtances, I was induced to tranſlate a part (as far as it was legible) of one of the ſhorteſt poems; intending, at the ſame time, to have tranſcribed ſome of the originals, had not buſineſs which I could not omit, and avocations that were not to be diſpenſed with, obliged me to deſiſt. But may this prove an uſeful hint to all examiners into Antiquity, who may ever viſit thoſe claſſical regions from whence I have attempted to tranſplant this ſmall, but fragrant flower. I could not, however, quit the library without copying the following lines, which were written in French upon the back of the manuſcript, from whence this is tranſlated:

"*This manuſcript, with many others of the ſame kind, formerly belonged to the collection of that celebrated Antiquary Scipio Maffei, of Verona.*"

OXONIENSIS.

In

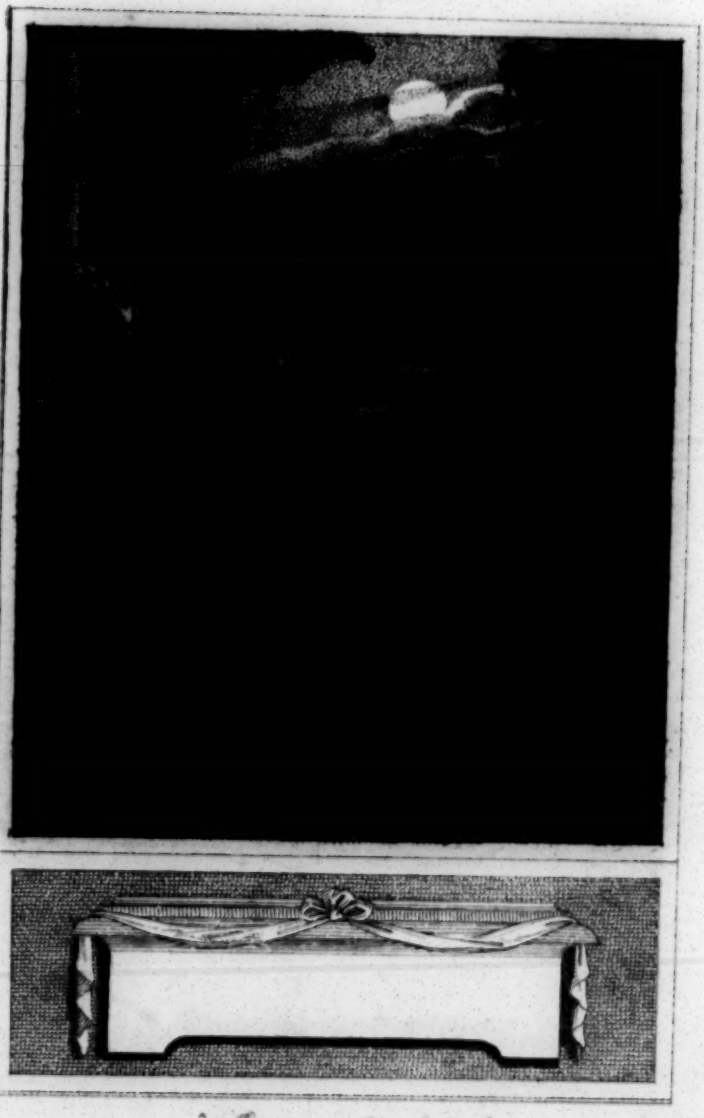
In the abovementioned Magazine for June, 1783, Llwen and Gyneth was introduced in the following manner: "To the editor of the Town and Country Magazine: Sir, by inserting the following, you will much oblige your conſtant reader, John Williams. The having ſeen in your Magazine for March, a ſpecimen of Welch poetry, has induced me to ſubmit the following tranſlation to your readers, as not unworthy their notice. To the kindneſs and friendſhip of Arthur Price, eſq. I am indebted for the peruſal of the manuſcript, from the ſtyle of which, together with ſome other concurring circumſtances, too tedious to mention, I am induced to conclude it is the compoſition of Taliesin Ben Beiridd, who lived about the year 534. Mr. Evans has made a trifling miſtake in ſettling the date: the difficulty that gentleman met with in peruſing this bard, I feel from experience, is an aſſertion but too well founded; he is ſeldom ſlighty, though always obſcure; and the tincture of Druidical doctrine with which his poetry abounds, ſerves not a little to render it unintelligible: the reader muſt attribute whatever baldneſs he meets with in the tranſlation, to my deſire of *ſtrictly* adhering to the original, as I am well convinced how much every language ſuffers from paraphraſtic ornament, and what an influx of foreign ideas is admitted by expanſion. Some lines at the beginning I have omitted, as they ſeem both unneceſſary and obſcure, and not at all of a piece with the reſt: the opening addreſs to her ſoul is eminently beautiful, and ſeems a mode of expreſſion often uſed by the ancients. See Callimachus's Hymn to Delos.

Τὴν ἱερὴν ὦ θυμὲ τίνα χρόνον ἢ ποτ' ἀείσεις
Δῆλον, Ἀπόλλωνος κιθαριστύν;

See likewiſe the Pſalms: "Why art thou ſo heavy, O my ſoul, why art thou ſo diſquieted within me?" The ſubject is very poetical and pathetic. Llwen the daughter of Yrganvy is ſeeking for her captured lover Gyneth, who is confined in the caſtle of Llathryth. She ſets out upon her journey in the night (probably to elude the obſervation of the enemy): upon arriving near the caſtle, ſhe ſees a form by the light of the moon, which ſhe finds is her lover, and addreſſes it, but finds it his ſpirit, which informs her he is no more, and exhorts her to leave him, and erect a grave to his memory.

After

bank about half a page.



Headley. I believe
from an Invocation to Melancholy

Lines written in articulo mortis - by Mr. Headley, Scholar of Sem: Coll. Oxon - who D. very young, of a rapid Consump.n at home.

Sickness! I yield to thy subduing sway,
A livid paleness o'er each feature steals,
Widely irregular my pulses play
And all my frame a listless languor feels.
How changd, how altered from my former plight.
When youthful vigour every sinew strung
When fancy wing'd a bold excursive flight
And notes of rapture warbled on my tongue.
The dreams of pleasure which I then pursued
No more shall lure me with their splendid guise.
Nor shall my love of fame be honce renew'd,
For sickness yields not to the great or wise:
The frowns of censure & the smiles of praise
And all that fortune & that fate decree
The same indifference in my bosom raise
For all, alas! is vanity to me.
E'en the sweet converse of the nymph I love
Of late so pleasing, now disgusts mine ear.
And should an angel whisper from above
His fine-toned accents I could scarcely bear.
No medicine, mix'd with Aesculapian art
Can raise my spirits or assuage my pain
For life's warm tide scarce issues from my heart
And slowly creeps along each circling vein
Whereon by chance these weary eyeballs stray
On yon fair mirror to its office true
My wasted form I shudder to survey
And almost doubt if 'tis myself I view.

Dim are these eyes which once refulgent shone
And paint the throbbings of this aching breast
My faltring voice has lost its wonted tone
And all my sorrows are by sighs express'd.
Few are the transports I can hope to share
Whilst here a ling'ring victim I remain
Anticipation heightens my despair
And retrospection sharpens every pain.
The sports of youth in which I once partook
Alas, no more the appearing smile can wake
On every scene I cast a heedless look
Nor know but that may be the last I take.
Alike regardless of my friends and foes
I wait the coming of that awful hour
Which to affliction brings a welcome close
And lifts the soul above misfortune's power.
Then, when exempt from each terrestial eye
My trembling spirit wings the field of space;
Congenial souls may quit their native sky
And smiling bear me to the throne of grace.

Pub. ad. Nov. 3. 1790.

Elegiac

Written by Michael Bruce of Kinrosh in Scotland — on his own approaching Death — at the age of Twenty one.

Now Spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breast Life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass.

The winged moments whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal Day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

1077-9-17
1

(End)